

LOGAN, . . . UTAH

King Leopold is about due for another scandal of some kind.

There is a new counterfeit bill out, but many of us are not worrying at all about it.

The boy who never cared to shovel snow didn't grow up and become a trust magnate.

Spain is trying to buy more warships. Spain must have money to burn and blow up.

King Edward is much inclined to take off his coat and show the boys how to run an empire.

The Mad Mullah was assassinated while he was kneeling in prayer. Another boost for the atheists.

It will be pretty hard to get people who like buckwheat cakes and sausage to take up the no-breakfast fad.

Dr. Lorenz has cured a case of "wry neck." Not even the Austrian specialist, however, can cure the "rubber neck."

The bears that kept out of range of President Roosevelt's rifle have much to be thankful for, even if they don't know it.

The man who doesn't believe in hiding his light under a bushel usually feels that a bushel isn't large enough to hide it.

In addition to furnishing most of the armor plate used by other nations, America keeps the world well supplied with corsets.

Roland Molinoux is said to be writing a book. When a man begins to go wrong there seems to be no escape from the pen.

Sinking the Venezuela toy navy promises to live in history side by side with the bombardment which killed the mule at Matanzas.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to mention it, but experience has shown that it is easier to keep cider sweet than it is to keep sweet cider.

John D. Rockefeller is making a beautiful Italian garden for his wife on the new River View boulevard in New York. He is not doing the work himself.

The superior Boston Herald permits itself a sneer at "Western ideals." Well, anyway, those ideals reach higher than a well-filled platter of well-baked beans.

Don't go to sleep with the gas turned down to a tiny flame. If the pressure is reduced, as it often is, the gas is likely to go out, and you may not wake up again.

France is going to substitute the automobile for the locomotive on the railways. The change is warranted by the respectable fatality record of the horseless machines.

A Brooklyn man, after the death of his second wife, has just gone back and married the first, from whom he was divorced. Sometimes experience makes the heart grow fonder.

The North Carolina minister who has just died, with a record of having married more than 200 eloping couples, made a lot of happiness or a lot of misery, whichever way you look at it.

Miss Martha Hoy is to marry Mr. Pierre Bogoskewsky, second secretary of the Russian embassy. After that it will take her a good deal longer than it does now to write her name.

A New Jersey justice of the peace has decided that there is no law to keep a woman from talking in her own home. Now will the man of the house ever be able to get another word in edgeways?

And now it is asserted that the plumbers have formed a trust. This is the first time the public has suspected that the plumbers did not already possess the earth and the fullness thereof.

John L. Sullivan says that he has spent a million dollars in his lifetime and doesn't regret a cent of it. And yet some of it has been spent in a way that the next morning usually brings R. E. Morse.

The statement is cabled that King Leopold's assailant is to be prosecuted on two counts. A considerable weight of public opinion would be in favor of making one of the counts that he is such a bad shot.

Looking at the record for the past few years it is discovered that King Edward is the only man who has recovered from a disease requiring the services of three or more physicians.

After all, that Venezuelan affair can't amount to much. Neither Kipling, Richard Harding Davis nor James Creelman has gone down there.

Those who are financially able to follow the fashions are advised that owing to high prices pursestrings should be worn loose this winter.

## SOME FAMILY JOYS

WHY CRUSTY OLD BACHELOR REMAINED SINGLE.

His Brief Experience with Two Angel Children Satisfied Him With His Lot—Seemingly It Would Satisfy Almost Anybody.

The crusty bachelor had returned to his boarding house. The thought of the advanced price of coal had added to his already strong satisfaction in being single, and it was with something of a keen relish that he replied to the query of the prying landlady:

"Why don't you get married?"

"Well, I—er—really see no need of it. Two weeks' vacation in the home of a New Hampshire benedict has served as a sovereign remedy for any inclination I may have had in that direction."

The landlady put down her knife and fork, wiped her lips with her napkin, and with an attentive air, said:

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Well, you see," answered the bachelor, soaking a cruller in his coffee, "I met with an unfortunate, though I may say not an unusual, condition of affairs in married life. The principals were possessors of two children of the carrot type. They had complexions like that of a blushing short lobster going out of the state of Maine! The boy's face was especially lurid, and, for one of his tender years, he had an unusually apoplectic look. In fact, I heard that he had had violent attacks of indigestion, which for a lad of six summers was rather out of the common."

"How extraordinary!" remarked the landlady.

"Yes, indeed," returned the celibate. "They had tempers which matched their complexions—especially the girl. They sat opposite me at the table, and although I am said by my doctors to be a nervous person I think that that test proved I was not a hopeless case. As soon as breakfast was announced the two youthful progenies would dart for the same chair. It was like the trumpet signal for battle. This first episode usually ended in a clinch and breakaway, in which the mother, a careworn-looking matron, took a quiescent part."

"Round two occurred whenever the two happened to want the same piece of bread, which was invariably the case, and consisted in more or less hair-pulling. Round three consisted of a more spectacular form of warfare. Usually it began with right-handed swing by the gentle maid upon the magenta head of the youth and ended with a shower of kicks delivered in the direction of the young lady's solar plexus. This made the boy look like a pinwheel in a 30-cent collection of fireworks. It was also an intricate movement, as it was all done while sitting in a chair."

"Remarkable!" interposed the mistress of the boarding house.

"Quite so. Especially as this was only the curtain raiser for the melodrama that followed. Every time the two met during the day it meant a rough-and-tumble scrap and a cry like a caterwaul."

"Why didn't the parents interfere?"

"That is the great mystery, the riddle of the sphinx. They would threaten and scold, but beyond a menace they did not punish. The children seemed to understand this, and it lent unction to their deviltry. Now if they had been my children I should—"

"Well, what would you have done?"

"That is just the reason I didn't get married," he remarked, according to the New York Times. "I should not wish to be confronted with that stupendous question."

And he hastily withdrew to catch the 8 o'clock trolley.

**BIG GAME IN A PEN.**

Beaters Will Drive Deer in a Circle for Frenchmen to Shoot.

M. de Pontbriant purposes to organize a shooting society and lay out a shooting range which will furnish all the excitement of big game shooting without the attendant inconveniences of a long journey at vast expense.

The proposed grounds are to be circular, inclosed by a high, bulletproof embankment. They will be full of trees and underwood, cut up by five concentric, circular tracks; also several alleys radiating from the center, where the shooters will stand.

Large game will be chased by hounds round the outer track, and sportsmen will shoot down the alleys. The game would include everything from wolves, deer and wild boar down to rabbits.—Paris Herald.

**Sad Plight of a Journalist.**

Thomas J. Minnick, an English newspaper man, sought glory by imitating the old-time American reporter's trick of having himself locked up in a Belgian madhouse to secure a sensation. The doctors, however, "got on" to Thomas and, to teach him a lesson, dosed him with vomiting powders. Next he was put on a diet of sour herrings and no water; at night he wasn't allowed to sleep, and when he complained he was told that he had a tumor in his brain and was imagining ill-treatment. He would feel better as soon as the tumor was cut out. When finally the doctors tried to chloroform him and made preparations to operate upon him Thomas disclosed his identity. They sent him under guard to the police station, where he was booked as an impostor and for obtaining the county's charity under false pretenses.



There is a small island lying about two miles off the Gulf coast, near Corpus Christi, in Texas, that can be reached when the tide is out by wading or riding a horse through the shallow water. The island is a beautiful spot, eagerly sought by tourists, picnic parties and tired people who want to enjoy an outing.

After a day's enjoyment in this lonely retreat a small party of young people who reside in the vicinity of Corpus Christi were preparing to return to their homes when Miss Fanny Flackman, a pretty girl who enjoys riding on horseback, concluded that it would be great fun to exchange her seat in the boat with one of the young men who had ridden a pony to the island.

While they were slowly journeying through the water, laughing and singing, Miss Flackman's horse suddenly threw up his head, staggering and snorting as if frightened and hurt. He made a powerful lunge forward, belching like a wild mustang, and as he made an attempt to rear up for another plunge, two long, snake-like looking arms shot out of the water by the side of his head. Realizing that some monster had attacked her horse, Miss Flackman screamed with terror, calling loudly for help. John Sailings urged his horse speedily forward. He was raised on the coast, and being familiar with the denizens of the sea, he no sooner saw the slimy sucker than he recognized it as a part of a monster devil fish.

"An octopus, a devil fish," shouted a dozen voices as those on horseback crowded to the rescue of their com-

panion. The horses scented danger, and though the boys were lashing them with fury and driving their spurs into their flanks they refused to approach their struggling comrade. The boys in the boat pushed the bow of their little craft close to the devil fish, and one of them began to strike it with an ore, while another made battle with a boat hook. The enraged monster suddenly rose to the surface, spreading out a tangled mass of long suckers, and emitting an inky fluid that colored the waters of the sea. Revolvers and guns were quickly brought into action and the boys rained lead into the quivering mass of living deviltry, which seemed to have no further effect than to increase its rage and cause it to lash the sea with some of its arms, while others were fastened upon the struggling horse.

Finding that he could not force his horse close enough to be of service to Miss Flackman, George Judy, a valiant young rancher, drew his pocketknife and plunged into the sea. Seizing the imperiled girl about the waist, he drew her on his shoulders and was in the act of bearing her away when the foundering horse turned his head around, dragging the octopus so near that it lashed against his body and caused him to stumble. Regaining an attitude of defense, he found that an arm of the persistent devilfish was fastened about the screaming girl's ankle. His knife happened to be a good one, and a single forceful blow sufficed to sever the repulsive member of the monster's body. Other arms, vibrating with rage like the tongues of mad reptiles, shot above

the confused waves, and in the midst of them appeared the head and great eyes of horror within a few feet of the rescuer's face. The young man's blade flashed, and at every stroke a tentacle fell, severed, upon the foaming sea. The monster squirmed and lashed the water, apparently little affected by the loss of several of its terrible weapons.

When the boat touched the heroic young man's side, he was almost ready to fall from exhaustion.

The horse shook the suckers loose from his nose, and as Miss Flackman and her valiant rescuer were assisted into the boat they saw the fragments of the octopus still quivering with combativeness, slowly sinking about the hideous head and body.

### Remarkable Discovery.

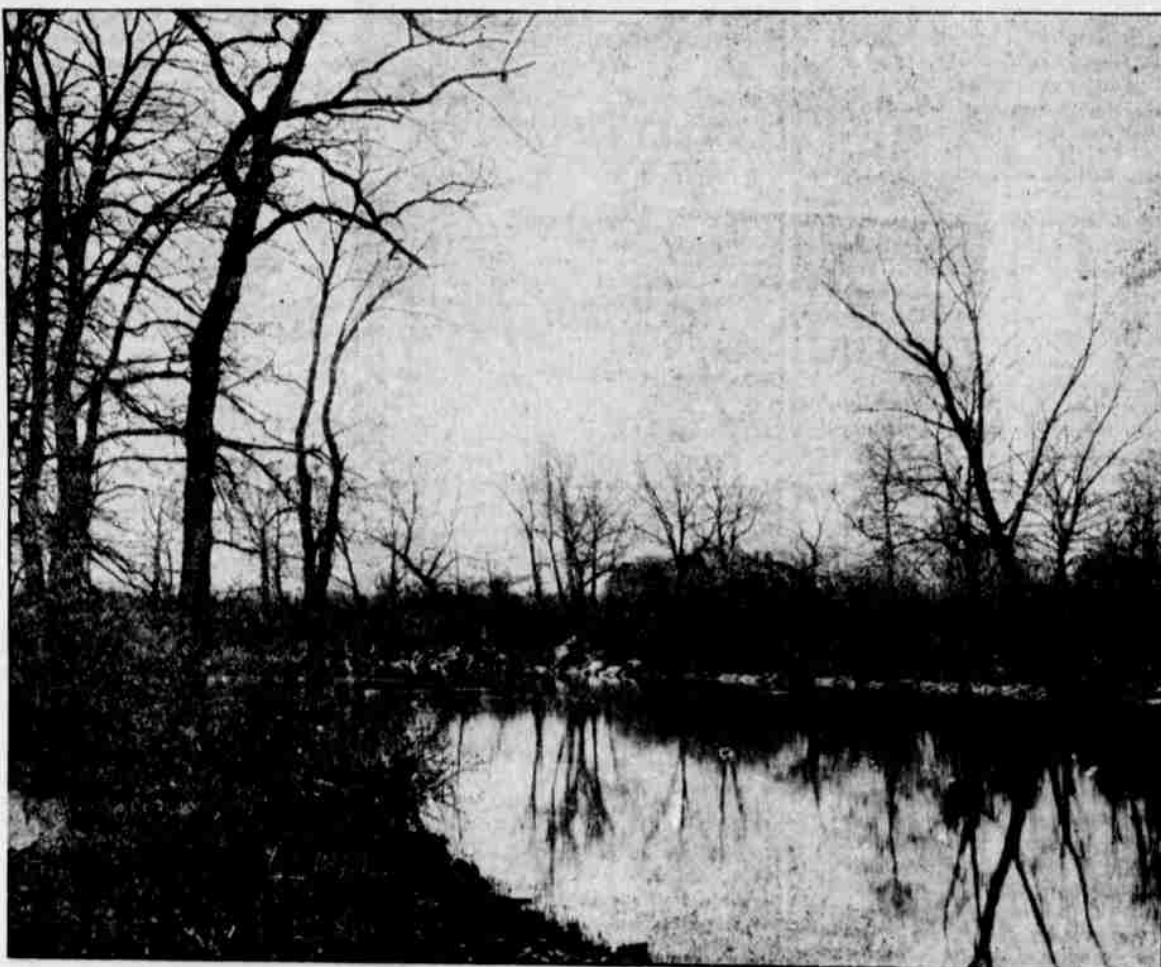
The well-known Dutch archeologist, Wolgraff, who has been for some time by permission of the Greek government, excavating on the skirts of ancient Argos, has succeeded in discovering the foundations of an ancient Greek temple, on which a Byzantine church has been built.

Round the foundations were fragments of ancient ruins, broken pieces of marble, and portions of statuettes of very fine and delicate workmanship, as well as inscribed plates.

From an examination of the inscription it appears that on this spot had stood the famous Temple of Apollo of which the high priests, according to classical writers, were gifted with the power of prophecy.

The excavations are to be continued.

## WHEN THE TREES ARE BARE.



—Photo by Eugene J. Hall, Chicago.

**For Lovers of Good Coffee.**

"The delicious flavor which all travelers in France discover in the coffee of that country is got, it is said, by the addition of a little butter and sugar during the roasting process," says Harper's Bazar. "To every three pounds of roasting berries a tablespoonful each of butter and powdered sugar is added. These in melting spread over the beans in a thin coating, which holds the aroma and contributes a caramel flavor that is delicious and distinctive."

**Club Honors Mrs. Depew.**

Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew is an honorary member of a political organization. The Unconditional Republican club of Albany at a recent meeting elected her to honor any membership and notified her of the fact. She has accepted the honor and has expressed her appreciation and well wishes in a letter to District Attorney George Adlington, president of the club. The letter was accompanied by an excellent portrait of Mrs. Depew, which she presented to the club.

**Treed by Wild Boar.**

There is no more enthusiastic hunter in either branch of Congress than Senator Burton of Kansas. He has trophies galore to prove his skill in the chase. While in Hawaii last summer he enjoyed some royal sport after the wild boars there. A vicious quarry is that same animal by all accounts. One of the Senator's party was chased by a wounded boar and had to shin up a tree in a hurry. He waited there some time before being released by his friends.

## FIFTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO.

American Woman Found It Was Not Really Uncomfortable.

Mrs. P. M. Mullen returned for a visit on Friday from her present home in Alaska, bearing with her a trunkful of trophies and curios of the land of the Arctic circle.

Mrs. Mullen accompanied her husband to Alaska a year ago last July, where he went as register of the land office at Rampart. Last June Mr. Mullen was transferred to the office of receiver at Juneau, where he is now stationed.

"I don't know what I expected to find," she remarked, "but I confess that it was not my idea that there would be much of civilization or refinement or culture, and I had been taught to believe that 50 to 80 below zero was unbearably cold. I went there prepared to be a martyr and a frontier woman, and ready to rough it, and I come home thinking it's the finest country in the world."

"The climate at Rampart in the interior is far superior to Juneau on the coast, where we are now. There is no wind at Rampart, and 40 to 50 below zero is really not at all uncomfortable."

"At that place, of course, we could not get all the comforts we have on the coast, and for two months each fall, while the river is freezing, and two months in the spring, while the stream is breaking up, we had to do without mail. But the miners are well educated, refined people, and the society is very agreeable."

"The prices in the interior are extremely high. A dozen eggs, when we could get eggs at all, cost \$1.50; five pounds of sugar \$1, and butter was seventy-five cents a pound. The only difference between living at Juneau and in this country is the climate, and I believe I prefer that of Juneau."—Omaha Bee.

### GIVES ADVICE TO JEWS.

Rabbi Hirsch Urges Them to Snub "Slumming" Parties.

Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch, professor of rabbinical literature in the Chicago university, addressed several thousand Jews in New York's lower East Side the other day, and in the course of his speech gave the Jews of that congested quarter much good advice. He urges them to emigrate to the west and south, where they could live under more healthful and hopeful conditions. In picturing the advantages of life in such new homes as he suggested he said in part:

"And there is one thing you would be rid of there which you have here to your humiliation. There you need have no fear of any visits of 'aristocratic' people from the upper West Side, who come down here to tell you with patronizing airs to be good, and then go back to their finely fitted up drawing rooms to tell their social circle of the terrible things they have seen on the lower East Side. There is one thing I want to ask you: Next time you have such a visit, tell these people to mind their own 'wash dash' business."

### Hat Problem Abroad.

Here is a very simple method which has been adopted by an English manager for the purpose of preventing women from wearing large hats in his theater.

He announced recently, says the New York Herald, that in future during the performance of a play all the men would be required to sit at one side of the orchestra and all the women at the other side. On the first evening when this rule was enforced the women, after taking their seats, were dismayed to find that scarcely one of them could see anything on the stage, for the reason that most of them wore large and high hats.

For some minutes there was much confusion among them, but finally a clever girl pointed out that the only way out of the difficulty was for all of them to remove their hats, and this was quickly done. A few murmured at being obliged to remove their picturesque headgear, but the majority were good humored and even expressed admiration for the manager who had outwitted them in this novel fashion.

### Recipient of "Mash" Letters.

The handsome young leading man of a local stock company, says the Philadelphia Record, was holding forth on the subject of "mash notes"—letters received from silly women and matinee girls. "I suppose I receive my share of them," he said, "and some of them would make pretty warm reading. But don't think for a moment that the actor is alone in being the object of this hero worship, if you may call it such. I will venture to say that a popular young preacher, unmarried, prepossessing in appearance, with a magnetic personality, will also get mash notes, although I doubt if you could get him to admit it. They may not be couched in such frank language as those received by the actor, but they are mash notes, more or less. I have a brother who is a minister, and consequently I am in a position to know."

### A Warning Against Dudes.

A Congregational minister of Chicago has warned the young women of his church to "beware of the dude, and remain spinster rather than marry one. 'Dudes are triflers,' he said, recently, in a sermon. "They are giggling jumping-jacks. All they know how to do is to throw cigarette smoke into their hollow heads in a hopeless chase after brains, and to convert their nostrils into smoke-stacks."